

## THE EVENING POST.

**PLEASANTIES.**  
 LOVE AND PUNCTUATION.  
 From the *Minneapolis Tribune*.  
 No longer on the garden gate  
 They swing, and the door is now  
 The low little porch now  
 The thing.  
 They sit and love each other  
 There.  
 While in above door  
 And there.  
 She puts more coal upon  
 The fire.  
 The sound infuriates her  
 Angry fire.  
 "Put not color," he shouts  
 Quite red.  
 "Make a full stop and go  
 To bed."  
 "We haven't reached a period yet,"  
 She said.  
 "A question mark—I think 'twas, 'would  
 I were!"

## MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes in regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household."

"In the first place, you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c.; then you will make a fire in here. That done, you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands, but as soon as her toilet was finished she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes! I'll do that. Then make a fire in the bedroom! I'll see to that, too. Then take the breakfast to his bedside! Just see if I do!" And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business. Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish, and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the bed curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn on his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had no power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, and then he sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it; no, nor I won't, either. But she can't escape, that's certain; she should my reputation for dignity would be forever gone; for haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me be alone, and how I was going to shut her up and feed her on bread and water if she dared to say she wouldn't do it."

"A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him. Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in that chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he just vacated, "while I have a little conversation with you."

"Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon."

"Where I have been all this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them!" said she, holding them up demurely for his scrutiny. "I only paid a dollar apiece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she added.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her he said:

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say:

"Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betsy Jane, you'd better not," but instead of doing all this, what do you think he did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathful. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said:

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't let the grass grow under your feet while you are going, neither. You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you to know that it won't pay for you to continue them for any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. P., it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking upstairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

"But you must, Mrs. P."

"When all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me if I won't walk."

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself—

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way; but it won't do, up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to

carry her; so here goes," and taking the top of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locking in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door steps to attend to callers, and also to see that Mrs. P. did not escape, and then he betook himself to restaurant for dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon our young friend rushed into the office and said, never stopping to take breath:

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up bawling an awful racket, and she's tearing round there, and rattling things the deuce knows how, and if she doesn't stop, she'll split the place in two, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting for more, Mr. P. seized his hat and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the door he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eye to the keyhole he beheld a sight which fairly made him boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fireplace reading his love letters. The one she was engaged in reading at that particular moment, was from Miss Polly Primrose, who, it appeared, had once looked favorably on suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair and some wistful meeta.

But it was not the love letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveler in his day and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P., and she was now looking at them.

She had split up an elegant desk with his Indian battle ax in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love letters. A beautiful pair of China shoes, filled with a beautiful oil, which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the tiddler-bow, meanwhile, occasionally punching up the fire with the tiddler, for Mr. P. had with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the keyhole until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on. Never was a peeper so fired as he. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper darted down the stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag to my back." Procuring a ladder he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as she had left, but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire, so she hastily seized several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes the fire was extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room and said in a deep voice:

"Jezabel, come forth!"

No answer.

"Jane, do you think to escape?"

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily to search the room, but had not proceeded far when he hears a slight rustle somewhere in the room. He listens a moment, and a moment and it is repeated. Daring to the door, he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet and finds it from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair, and at this moment his eye falls upon his dagger-belt, which is lying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up, he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face. All he can do is to rub his face, and around his wife's pliz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

"'Gold!' thought Mrs. P., 'when you find your level I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I'm fully prepared to administer it.'"

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile depends on faith and on as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are no better informed, but of this we are sure: Mr. Pepper might have been seen a morning or two afterward to put his head in the bedroom and heard say in a meek manner:

"Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast!"

At Roseburg, Oregon, is a "Ladies' Hammer Brigade," which makes a point of keeping down the nails in the wooden sidewalks.

**REASONS**  
 Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial ingredients.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extraordinary skill, and cleanliness.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

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PREPARED BY  
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 Price \$1.00 per bottle, 60¢ per 3 bottles.

## ABOUT THE BIG DITCH.

## THE SMALL INVESTORS IN THE PANAMA CANAL EXCITED.

Prospects of the Company Receiving an Advance of Fifty Million Francs—Kaiser William Issues an Important Order—The Encyclopedia Britannica Completed—A Letter Coming From the Pope.

PARIS, Dec. 12.—Excited scenes were witnessed last night among small investors discussing the prospects of the Panama Canal Company among the company's offices and in the Place de la Bourse. It is rumored that the company is likely to obtain an advance of forty million francs on its Panama Railway shares. This, it is estimated, will enable the company to meet engagements until the commission which, it is rumored, will be sent to Panama shall have come to a decision.

BERLIN, Dec. 12.—Emperor William has renewed his grandfather's order that none of the imperial servants shall wear a monocle. Count William Bismarck will be appointed president of the district of Hanover. He will be subordinate to Herr von Bennigsen, who is president of the entire province.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—A banquet was given here last evening to celebrate the completion of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The Duke of Cambridge and many other distinguished persons were present. Adam Clark declared that the work owed its increased circulation to American enterprise.

VIENNA, Dec. 12.—A band of six gypsies has been frozen to death in Boskowitz.

PARIS, Dec. 12.—The Duchess of Galliera left her splendid house on the Rue Varennes in trust to the Austrian Embassy. The house, which is valued at 200,000 francs, is probably intended for her son, who is in the Austrian service.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Marie Van Zandt appeared in "Mignon" here last night and scored a grand success.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Doulton's pottery at Lambeth was burned last evening. All the employees escaped.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 12.—The strike movement is subsiding in Belgium.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 12.—Prince Bismarck is suffering with a severe attack of neuralgia.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Mr. Gladstone will address a public meeting in London on Saturday next. Mr. Morley is to preside.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 12.—The rebels kept up a continuous fire during Monday night. The Gambia fort was hit many times. There were no casualties.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—A Rome dispatch to the *Chronicle* says: "The Pope is about to send a letter to the American Bishops instructing them to support, materially and morally, Bishop Haas's scheme for a seminary to prepare missionaries to care for Italian emigrants on arrival in America."

PARIS, Dec. 12.—Madame Bonlangier in an interview, denies that she has refused to live with her husband. She complains that he is trying to play the Napoleon and make her Josephine. She then burst into tears and begged to be excused from answering further questions.

BERLIN, Dec. 12.—A young Bavarian named Hoff, a scientist, explorer and military instructor, will teach the African natives the use of breach loaders. Only Europeans will accompany Lieutenant Wissmann's expedition.

The Reichstag budget committee—with only four dissentients—has sanctioned a vote for the salary of a vice-consul at Zanzibar.

ZANZIBAR, Dec. 12.—Two extra Italian men-of-war are coming to join the block ade. The Portuguese Government has extended the prohibition of the importation of arms and ammunition to Mozambique. The Sultan is recovering slowly, but he is fast losing popularity. A German officer who lately arrived here and represented himself as a special government military adviser, has been discovered to be a newspaper correspondent.

**The Average Age of Graduation.**  
 From the *Christian Register*.  
 The average age of graduation from college is now upwards of 22 years. The professional course requires three years additional, so that a young man is 25 or 27 before he is ready to "hang out his shingle" as a lawyer or doctor, and of course it will be some time before his practice is lucrative enough to give an entire support. If he goes into business, he is very much the same. In the early days it was considered generous if a father gave a boy "this time" at 18; that is, gave up his claim on the boy's services. In these days a father would be glad to be assured that the son will be off his hands at 30.

**Better Late Than Never.**  
 From the *Kington Freeman*.  
 A Malborough merchant recently received from a delinquent debtor an amount which had been standing on his books for nearly twenty years. This note was indorsed: "Here are the eleven dollars I owe you. I don't feel well now, but I'll send you a few more when I feel better. If you ever cum ter Tacoma, W. T. cum an' see me."

**A Joke on a Lawyer.**  
 From the *Aquila* (Mexican Journal).  
 A law firm in this city has been sending out circulars advertising its business. One of our young men received one, and without opening it handed to the lawyer and handed him the letter with the plaintiff's remark: "Well I suppose some peaky rascal has sued me. There's always some lawsuit to take off all the profits." If you could have seen the face of the client when the lawyer opened and read the letter to him you would have said that he'd have paid a double fee without a murmur.

**The Record Lowered.**  
 The B. & O. Limited Express trains from Washington to Philadelphia are the fastest ever run in regular service between here and the Quaker City. Unlike other lines, B. & O. charges no extra fare for superior service.

**"Alderney Dairy Wagons."**  
 Fresh Alderney butter, churned every morning and delivered in 1½ "Ward" prints, 40¢ per lb. Also cottage cheese, buttermilk and sweet milk, 6¢ per qt. Cream 15¢ per qt.

**DRY GOODS.**  
**WM. R. RILEY,**  
 Corner Ninth and E Streets Northwest.  
 Is closing out all kinds of  
**DRY + GOODS**  
 At Very Reduced Rates.

**E. G. DAVIS.**  
 BLACK + DRESS + GOODS + EMBROIDERIES,  
 Laces and Trimmings,  
 719 Market Space, Washington, D. C.

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 STOCKS, BONDS, OIL, GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

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## RAILROADS.

## The Great Pennsylvania Route

To the North, West and Southwest.  
 Double Track. *Spacious Stations.*  
 Steel Rails. *Magnificent Equipment.*  
 In effect December 3, 1888.

Trains leave Washington, from station corner of Sixth and B streets, as follows:  
 For New York and the West, Chicago Limited Express, leaving daily at 10:30 a. m. On Sunday, 11:00 a. m. On Monday, 11:30 a. m. On Tuesday, 12:00 p. m. On Wednesday, 12:30 p. m. On Thursday, 1:00 p. m. On Friday, 1:30 p. m. On Saturday, 2:00 p. m. On Sunday, 2:30 p. m. On Monday, 3:00 p. m. On Tuesday, 3:30 p. m. On Wednesday, 4:00 p. m. On Thursday, 4:30 p. m. On Friday, 5:00 p. m. On Saturday, 5:30 p. m. On Sunday, 6:00 p. m. On Monday, 6:30 p. m. On Tuesday, 7:00 p. m. On Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. On Thursday, 8:00 p. m. On Friday, 8:30 p. m. On Saturday, 9:00 p. m. On Sunday, 9:30 p. m. On Monday, 10:00 p. m. On Tuesday, 10:30 p. m. On Wednesday, 11:00 p. m. On Thursday, 11:30 p. m. On Friday, 12:00 a. m. On Saturday, 12:30 a. m. On Sunday, 1:00 a. m. On Monday, 1:30 a. m. On Tuesday, 2:00 a. m. On Wednesday, 2:30 a. m. On Thursday, 3:00 a. m. On Friday, 3:30 a. m. On Saturday, 4:00 a. m. On Sunday, 4:30 a. m. On Monday, 5:00 a. m. On Tuesday, 5:30 a. m. On Wednesday, 6:00 a. m. 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